

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1883.

A NEW OFFER.

In the seventh column a new offer of fourteen months to each single subscriber, sent by himself or through a postmaster or agent, is announced. This is done in compliance with the request of many patrons, who believe that they can secure many single subscribers during the summer months with so favorable terms. As the offer now stands, every subscriber, whether his name is sent singly or in a club, will receive THE GLOBE four months, and every postmaster and agent will be allowed the usual commission. Subscribe for fourteen months, if possible; otherwise, subscribe until January, 1884, for only fifty cents.

A NEW STORY IMMEDIATELY.

Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, author of two of the most successful GLOBE stories, has just ready for publication in THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT SERIAL, the title of which will be announced in the next issue. Now is the time to form clubs.

ANOTHER NEW STORY NEARLY READY.

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canada, one year, free of postage, only \$1.00; six months for only \$2.00. All subscriptions should be sent by postal order, registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three cents.

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinue should give the town and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "The Globe, Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertising 20 cts. per line. A month's average a line. Editorial Notices 50 cts. per nonpareil line. Discounts: 5 per cent. on \$100; 10 on \$200.

A Washington paper criticizes President Arthur because he drinks whiskey for which he pays \$18 a gallon and gives his guests nothing better than \$15 whiskey. This is very sad. It indicates the decay of aristocratic and arrogant ideas in the capital, and a tendency to drift away from the republican simplicity which is supposed to be characteristic of our government, and which used to worry about Jersey apple-jack at 60 per gallon. Whiskey worth \$18 in the White House! Shades of Bacchus! Whither are we drifting?

Paterson, N. J., is becoming famous for its eccentric persons. Rev. George Gulley is the latest development in that line. Although receiving \$125 a month for his services, he recently paralyzed his flock by announcing that his family would starve unless a special collection should be immediately taken up for him. The next Sunday he informed his beloved congregation that they would either have to buy him a clock or take his watch out of pawn if they wanted him to deliver shorter sermons. At last accounts the reverend gentleman's financial situation was getting no better very fast and the deacons were getting mad.

The railway exposition at Chicago has proved very instructive to visitors. There is one feature of it worth the careful attention of inventors. It is stated that everything that ingenuity and care can provide is used to protect the passengers; and looking at the various appliances for safety as they are brought together, every possible contingency seems provided for; yet, where the employee is solely concerned, especially in the coupling of cars, it is notorious that the companies are sadly indifferent. Possibly there are practical objections to most of the coupling devices intended to ensure safety, but it is believed that the many excellent features shown in the exhibition can be drawn upon to produce a perfect device.

The coachmen in Russia cannot be said to belong to that class of people who never deliberately get drunk. Mr. Labouchere writes that while in that country he had a coachman who once a month used to come and ask him for leave to get drunk. On consecutive days. Upon inquiry he found that the coachman, under conditions would a coachman remain sober during the rest of the month. Having obtained leave, he would go to a drinking-house, show the proprietor his money, and state how long he might remain there. Then he would sit down at a table with some spirits before him. Gradually and solemnly he would get drunk. His arms before him on the table, and his head recline on them. Thus he would remain for two days and nights, the proprietor supplying him with more drinks whenever he looked up. His time up, the proprietor would drag him outside the house and set him down in the snow against the wall, having first filled his cap with snow. Every charitably-disposed brother coachman passing by would box his ears. In about half an hour this discipline would sober him, and he would get up, shake himself together, and resume his duties.

Colonel Tom Ochiltree of Texas has made his debut in London as an apostle of reform, and is teaching the benighted Briton how to behave himself in public. Colonel Tom was deeply grieved by the manner in which the average benighted Briton poked his cane or umbrella into the faces of passengers when getting into an omnibus, and so he decided to begin his missionary labors by "beating out" the first missionary of the kind. The opportunity soon came. A benighted Briton jabbed his umbrella against Colonel Tom's cheek, to the detriment of the umbrella, and the "Texan colonel" promptly knocked the b. b. galley-west and crooked out of the omnibus and into the middle of the street. Then the colonel picked up his proselyte and explained that he was inaugurating a reform in British manners, and intended to enlist the services of some gentleman from Texas to beat about doing good and punching the heads of people who carry canes in reckless style. It is to be hoped that this new missionary movement may meet with encouragement and success. England has kindly endeavored to reform American art and morals by sending us Oscar Wilde and the Salva-moris, and America gratefully reciprocates by sending her Colonel Tom Ochiltree and some cattle men from Texas to reform British street etiquette.

The platform adopted by the Ohio Democrats is a plain, straightforward declaration of principles and purposes. There is no shuffling, evasion, no straddling of issues. The tariff plank is one that all honest, anti-monopoly men can stand upon. It declares in favor of "a tariff for revenue limited to the necessities of a government economically administered," and so adjusted as not to create nor foster monopolies. The platform demands a thorough change in the administration of the government, to the end that the public service may be purified, extravagance arrested, and theft and fraud punished. The Democrats of Ohio clearly perceive that the reform so often promised by the Republican party can never be brought about while the government is in the hands of men whose interests lie in shielding thieves, and that the only purification possible must come through a complete change in the administration of public affairs. The country is rapidly awakening to a realizing sense of its folly in

expecting thieves to stop stealing of their own accord. The utterances of the Ohio platform will be endorsed by a large majority in the fall, and re-affirmed by the country at large next year, unless all signs fail.

FROM THE MASCULINE POINT OF VIEW.

The female characters that figure in Mr. Howells' novels have been the victims of much unjust denunciation, as has also Mr. Howells himself for creating them. And they have also received a good deal of very fulsome praise. Moreover, it will be noticed that condemnation comes usually from feminine, the praise from masculine readers. There is a reason for this rather curious fact, and also explains why Mr. Howells creates such characters and why they are all so nearly alike.

From first place to last they are a view of feminine humanity from a purely masculine standpoint, and are consequently full of all the quirks and queer ideas and apparently unseasonable convictions and impulsive actions traceable to no motive other than the impulse which the average man marvels over in his thoughts about femininity. All his life long. To the average man womanhood is a puzzle that he never solves, and that he finally gives up as something that can't be solved. His last despairing analysis of the motives that he supposes must control her actions ends with the conviction that "a woman is a queer creature," and he finally gives up all attempt to account for her doings and sayings.

Therefore it is that, to him, Mr. Howells' feminine creations, composed of equal parts of Italian and unaccountable impulses, seem to him the most natural and thoroughly feminine characters he has ever met on printed pages. Mr. Howells' heroines, from the beginning to the end of his books, show the masculine inability to find any reason for a woman's speeches, actions and emotions. To the average man womanhood is a puzzle that he never solves, and that he finally gives up as something that can't be solved. His last despairing analysis of the motives that he supposes must control her actions ends with the conviction that "a woman is a queer creature," and he finally gives up all attempt to account for her doings and sayings.

THE OHIO NOMINATION.

The Democrats of Ohio have nominated for governor Judge Hoadley of Cincinnati, a lawyer of unusual ability and one who has rendered distinguished service to his party. Hoadley's competitors before the convention were General Ward and Hon. George W. Geddes, both strong men, but the first ballot showed that Geddes could not be nominated and that Hoadley had the nomination. Ward, on the second ballot the Geddes men ended the contest by casting their votes for the strongest man.

In 1876 Judge Hoadley was a warm supporter of Mr. Tilden and appeared as special counsel on his behalf before the electoral commission, in which capacity he did noble work in advocacy of Democratic principles. It is the opinion of men who best understand the situation in Ohio that Judge Hoadley's great popularity with the Germans will secure him a handsome majority, and if his success is marked he will undoubtedly become a prominent candidate for higher honors at the hands of the party. His Republican opponent, Foraker, is not looked upon as very formidable, and there is every reason to believe that he will be very easily defeated. The year 1882 will be carried forward with renewed vigor this year. The Democrats of Ohio have made a good choice, and if present indications are worth anything that choice will be ratified by a large majority of the citizens of the State on election day.

IS CHURCH ATTENDANCE DECREASING?

The question of the North American Review is much given to attempting to get authoritative opinions upon mooted social and political questions. Its magazine from month to month is a large collection of essays, and each one is supposed to be sure, in these symposiums, which he has made a feature of the Review, he gets plenty of opinions—though not much else—which are sometimes sensible, occasionally ridiculous, but often amusing. His latest search after oracular utterance is on the question of "Church Attendance," which is discussed in the July number by "A Non-Church-Goer" and three reverend doctors—Wm. Hayes Ward, James M. Pullman, and J. B. Hyland.

If one is looking for the maximum amount of rare assertion and denial, with the minimum of argument and evidence, he cannot do better than to read their symposium. But, notwithstanding its rather barren character, it embodies very well a good deal of the popular belief upon both sides of the question, and is well worth reading, not only for the very useful method of making sweeping assertions founded merely upon individual belief. The non-church-goer opens the discussion with an article in which he avers that church attendance is rapidly decreasing; that "it is not the daring atheist or the reckless evildoer that is now chiefly to be feared, but the man of non-attendance at church, but the sober citizen, the father of a family, who is loyal to his convictions and faithful to his duty," that "the majority of intelligent and well-meaning people" no longer believe what the churches teach, and are not found among its listeners. He accounts for this in several ways, saying that the church proscribes thought and cramps the brains of its members, that the age, and no longer furnishes proper nutrition for the minds and souls of men; that it is doing less for morals than science. Then he finds another reason to be that men think they cannot afford the expense of church-going, with the multiplicity of demands that will be made upon their purses. He thinks, also, that in the church the man gets no amount he gives, and his social status set accordingly, a result that is revolting to any man of self-respect and pride. "Churches," he concludes, "at least in large cities, are for the rich, and serve rather a social than a genuine religious purpose: chapels and mission schools are for the poor, and are thereby made to feel their inferiority; but for the masses of reading, thinking and active men of the age there is no provision made for spiritual salvation."

In reply to these assertions, Dr. Ward brings up figures to show that thirty-six out of our 50,000,000 of population are church communicants, that Evangelical communicants in this country have increased from 7 per cent. of the population in 1800 to 20 per cent. in 1880. "An increase in church people of twenty-seven fold against ninefold in population," Dr. Pullman thinks that church-going in the United States is increasing; that church services have never before been attended by so large a number of intelligent and responsible people, and that "the most striking religious phenomenon of the age—aside from the children's church—namely, the certain fact that religious instruction and worship are more universal among us than ever before." Strangely enough, Dr. Hyland accepts the non-church-goer's statement about decrease of attendance "as the main sound."

Dr. Pullman avers the inability of science to give moral training, and thinks that the public conscience must be educated and controlled by the church. If law and government are not to fall into decay and become powerless. "The non-voter and the non-church-goer," he says, "are the dead-wood of the social order, both unfaithful to duty, and both claiming to be a privileged class—the gentlemen-feminists of society." He declares that the church can no more be called a beggar than the state, for each can be rich, and each gives service in return. There is no such thing as decay of faith, he says, but there is a change for the better in its objects, while "the wave of doubt and negation" has spent itself

without forming any new institution outside the church.

Dr. Hyland admits to the full deficiencies, follies and weaknesses of the church, but after it all thinks there is no other institution or medium that can be that power for good among men and women that the church has been and is.

THE SMALL BOY'S VACATION.

In a few days more the vacation season will be under full headway. The small boy will "chuck" his books into a remote corner of the attic, to keep company with his skates, and go charging about the house in quest of fish-hooks, lines, and other munitions of war which the servant girl has put away, preparatory to an invasion of his uncle's peaceful farm up country. He will array himself in the blue shirt that bore the brunt of many a scaramble through briar patches last summer, discard his suspenders as mere fripperies of an effete civilization, and substitute a highly polished fishing-rod, with its whole effective apparatus, arm himself with a Fourth-of-July pistol, and revel in the idea that he is quite a dangerous and piratical-appearing person. Before the summer is over the farmer whose domains he invades will also regard him as a holy terror, and the domestic cat and barnyard fowl will wonder why they were so often engaged in dangerous wars in the brook that runs through the meadow, or chasing the wily woodchuck to his lair in the clover patch, the small boy on his vacation will be trying to get his neck broken by jumping from haymows or stinging himself with hornets in the garret of the old farm house. In one of his industrious intervals he may essay to render assistance during the rush of "baying" by raising over the ear the long handle of a rake, or even off of that labor. There are teeth to be caught in the big rake, garter snakes to be caught and flung at the hired man, bumble-bees' nests to be wrecked, and a man on the lead to be put to flight by the angry evicted tenants thereof—all of which make the vacation of the small boy replete with incident and interest and adventure. It is no use to look him in the face and charge him with him from going fishing on Sunday. He will take his hook and line and a worm along with him into solitary confinement and angle for the old rooster out of the back window. If there is any blasting powder on the premises, he will build a wooden cannon with much skill, blow it and himself up over in the pasture and come home with his hair full of powder grains and looking like a fly-specked squash. But the achievement which affords him the most satisfaction is losing himself in a ten-acre wood lot by following the trail of a chipmunk and revelling for a full hour in the belief that he will have to become a wild rover of the forest and sleep by a fire kindled in the approved Indian fashion of rubbing two sticks together. Should the whole subject of government and education be brought to his mind, he will have to put up with lanterns to hunt him up after nightfall, he has a wild, weird adventure to relate to envious schoolmates, when he returns to effete civilization, suspenders and school-books, with face and hands tanned to a saddle color, feet scarred by stubble and briars, and health sparkling in his eyes. But what a sigh of relief the old farmer gives when this desperate young person vanishes from the premises and the old farmer can stand and see him has driven wild by setting the dog on him!

In the Mississippi valley was a lake, and the inhabitants are having a hard time to prevent it from again becoming so. A New York woman who has had three husbands says of getting: "A woman who is not used to look him in the face and charge him with anything else than a pet, and if her husband doesn't get pains in his arms and tell her before many years she can bless her stars."

From Louisville Courier-Journal: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. General Crook has been mentioned as a candidate for president."

The progress to build churches in flats in New York, to put the houses of worship of half a dozen or more denominations under one roof. Among the advantages it is stated "that persons desiring religious instruction could here find it and all tastes could be suited, for in one particular preacher did not meet their expectations, they could take the elevator and ascend to the next story, and the whole subject of government and education be brought to his mind, he will have to put up with lanterns to hunt him up after nightfall, he has a wild, weird adventure to relate to envious schoolmates, when he returns to effete civilization, suspenders and school-books, with face and hands tanned to a saddle color, feet scarred by stubble and briars, and health sparkling in his eyes. But what a sigh of relief the old farmer gives when this desperate young person vanishes from the premises and the old farmer can stand and see him has driven wild by setting the dog on him!"

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY.

The appeal to the President of the United States made by representative American citizens of the common humanity and the suffering of the wretched people of Ireland, was timely and full of significance. It is time that some powerful people among the nations of this earth should protest firmly and effectively against the inhuman course of the British government, and none is better entitled to be heard and heeded than the American people. It is not only a right but a duty which men owe to their brother men to interfere with the doing of governments and states which are unkind. Every man for himself is not the rule that should govern the world. It may do for portraiture and knaves, but not for men with hearts to feel for the sufferers of others. Neither shall it be the guiding principle or no-principle of a nation that will live. The eternal principle of justice is not defined by the lines of political geography. The love of humanity is not to be confined within the limits of a government survey. The wrongs of Ireland are the wrongs of mankind, and he who will not strive to right them because some miserable parchment formula pretends to set him apart from his fellows is no man—he is but a hollow, empty formula; a thing to hang clothes upon.

What man with a soul in him can read the frightful news set forth in the address to the President and not feel himself burning with passionate indignation that such villainy should be practised by men upon their brothers? Eight pounds of food daily for every human being in Ireland, produced by the labor of Irish men, women and thousands of Irish men, women and children, dying in Irish districts of starvation! Good God, you apostate Englishmen! what other fact do you demand save this? What before you will admit that Ireland has just cause for complaint?

Of all incredible crimes known on this earth, the strangest is this, that men can look upon Ireland, robbed and plundered to starvation, and not excrete the damnable system of civilized cannibalism called British government. And what is the remedy for this state of things? It is proposed by that "grand old man" whom men call the wisest statesman of England? Not the arrestment of robbers and restoration of plunder; not justice; not any wise, honest or humane thing imaginable. Only "encouragement of emigration"—the most cowardly, cruel, sneaking scheme of robbery ever devised by thieving knaves since the world began.

Eviction by starvation is Gladstone's solution of the Irish problem. And Gladstone himself has declared that "eviction is nearly equivalent to a sentence of death." He has passed sentence of death upon Ireland and asks America to assist in the execution of the nation by receiving and taking care of the papers he has made. It is right that America should protest against this shipping of paupers to her ports that England may evade the responsibility of her own acts. Not that America has any ill-feeling toward the paupers, but to receive them without protest is to conspire with England for the enormous theft of a country and the eviction of a nation. England may be checked in this gigantic crime by vigorous enforcement of our laws, and by passage of laws more stringent than any now in force. America calling "halt!" would sound ominous in the ears of England and make Gladstone pause. None of our business to interfere with the actions of the British government and hold out a helping hand to Ireland? If it be none of the business of free America to help any oppressed and struggling people, then her only business on this earth is to declare freedom of fraud and disappear utterly with all possible haste.

There has been of late years no more striking instance of fanaticism and race hatred than the trial in Hungary of Jews accused of a crime that it would hardly have occurred to a fond ignorant to commit. It is declared against them that they murdered a Christian girl and used her blood to mix with their passover bread. The more fact that such a wild story has been launched, but being believed shows the existence of a monstrous prejudice almost equal to the witchcraft, exorcisms of other centuries. The intense prejudice and hatred against the Jews and the kind of life these persecuted people are compelled to live there may be dimly imagined from the monstrosity of such a charge and the belief of the people in it, which is so implicit that the witnesses for the defence are in danger.

Secretary Chandler offers to sell \$225,000 sixteen naval vessels which have cost the government over \$9,000,000. Some of the ships upon which the government has been recklessly squandered have never been launched, but lying upon the stocks have managed somehow to depreciate nearly 97 per cent. in value. The Niagara cost \$1,521,743, and Mr. Chandler offers to sell her for \$225,000, which is less than 2 per cent. of the cost. The services performed by this bric-a-brac navy have been ridiculously small in comparison with the expense of keeping it in a state of obsolescence. Unless these vessels are actually falling apart from sheer rotteness of wood, it cannot possibly be true that they are

worth so little as Mr. Chandler asks for them. Useless for war purposes, no doubt, the ships are today, but this proposed sale has every appearance of being another Robesonian junk job. It is time to turn out a party that has squandered millions of the public money in building hulks that after a few years' soaking in navy yard docks are worth only from one to ten per cent. of their cost. But perhaps the wisest and most reasonable contemporaries will tell us their party is not responsible for this corruption.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Mr. Tilden, remarks the Graphic, will please observe that William H. Barnum says Ben Butler would be a good soldier, and that when Mr. Barnum was asked regarding the old ticket he smiled a peculiar smile and said, "Please excuse me."

New Orleans' commerce for the first five months of this year exceeds last year's by over \$11,000,000—an increase of nearly a third. It is now the second grain exporting port of the United States. Along a party of young men who were visiting in the Mokk river at Schenectady was one very tall clerk. While they were in the water a man came along and took away part of their clothes. All had enough left to hide their nakedness except the tall fellow, but near the river he luckily found an empty barrel, out of which he took a drink, and then he went back and thus apprised he made his way home across the fields, painfully holding up the barrel as he walked, but dropping and sinking into it whenever any one appeared in sight. Before he reached the paternal mansion half the dozes in town had detected his predicament and united to form a howling escort.

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tude with which counsel respond to the summons of their clients to the bar often confuses the audience; they mistake the counsel for the criminal."

"Oh, yes," said a layman, "but in many cases their looks justify the blunder."

"What are your views in regard to the tariff?" asked of a rising young lawyer of a gentleman who was standing at the bar drinking with a friend. "I'm in favor of the protection of American industry," replied the lawyer. "Then, of course, you are a Republican," added the newspaper man. "Not if I know myself. I'm a Democrat," replied the lawyer. "Oh, I see, you're a Democrat." "Nary time," replied the astounded lawyer. "I was a Democrat when I was in here, but I'm blown if I know what I am now."

It is reported that a Young Men's Christian Association in England is planning to place youths of from 16 to 18 years old upon farms in America. Large numbers of them, after serving an apprenticeship to an English merchant, find that there is no work for them. It is also intended to send girls here as domestics.

A judge in California was very much puzzled by a phrase used by a witness, who deposed that he had been in the plaintiff's field "a right smart chance" for hogs. On asking for an explanation, he learned that in the vernacular of the place "a right smart chance" meant fourteen, and the jury were so charmed.

The New York Times wishes that Dorsey would make good his threats and sue it for libel, promising to pay the costs.

The "girls" in the Treasury Department at Washington are mad because the correspondents call them ugly. Old girls are very sensitive.

Being asked if he would ever attempt managing a theatre again, Edwin Booth said: "I don't think I could humoredly that my friends will let me, after my last experience. The country is not ripe for a Shakespearean revival. They are Germany the companies are subsidized. Here, of course, no subsidies can be or ought to be expected, and the distances between large towns are so great that profits are absorbed by travelling expenses."

The cost of profane expressions uttered in public in Fredericksburg, Va., is \$1.50 each.

A college secret society, composed entirely of women, was recently organized at the University of Michigan. In union there is strength, and by banding together it is thought that the women may be able to resist the attacks of the men, and thus be a burden for the dear creatures.—Transcript.

It is calculated that out of 3000 people a year who try book canvassing the firm does well to get ten good ones. One New York canvasser made \$2000 in this way.

It is estimated that the annual increase of wealth in this country is \$500,000,000.

The bell which hangs in the steeple of the Baptist Church at Petamuna, Cal., is the identical bell that was owned and used by the famous vigilance committee of San Francisco in 1856.

Public opinion throughout the State is tending to the belief that the present Governor, Mr. Briggs, is a man of high character and high ability. It is thought that the women may be able to resist the attacks of the men, and thus be a burden for the dear creatures.—Transcript.

The New York pilots have conquered in their long fight and now are to be allowed steam pilot boats.

It is suggested that Dorsey and Brady write a book upon what they know of the g. o. p.

Failure of the silk crop in China is causing a rise in the prices of raw silk in this country.

The truth of this observation by the Seima (Ala. Times): "The interchange of visits among Northern and Southern military companies is the quickest and surest way to make blue and gray forget their antipathy for one another."

David Davis amuses himself, but not his neighbors, by flute playing.

Dr. Hagen (Conn.) physician, travelling last season in Germany was so much taken with a diminutive clock exhibited in a window that he bought it to take home as a curiosity. His surprise may be imagined when, upon opening it to wind it, he found the imprint of the company, whose manufactory was within half a dozen blocks of his own home at New Haven.

GRAVE COMPLICATIONS IN VIEW.

A Third Marriage that May Disturb the Symmetry of a Family Burial Lot.

BALTIMORE, June 24.—In Greenwood Cemetery, the principal burial ground in this city, the remains of a man and his wife, who were buried in the same lot, are now being disturbed. The remains of the man, who was buried in the same lot, are now being disturbed. The remains of the man, who was buried in the same lot, are now being disturbed.

It is reported that a Young Men's Christian Association in England is planning to place youths of from 16 to 18 years old upon farms in America. Large numbers of them, after serving an apprenticeship to an English merchant, find that there is no work for them. It is also intended to send girls here as domestics.

HONORED AFTER LONG SERVICE.

The Oldest Soldier in the Active Service to Receive a Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22.—The Garrison of Fort Mifflin, in the Delaware, departed for Washington Saturday, under the express orders of the President, to receive a commission and be placed on the retired list of army officers. The Garrison is a man of 80 years of age, and has been a member of the army for over 50 years. He was a private in the 1st U. S. Artillery, and has been promoted to the rank of major. He has been a member of the army for over 50 years, and has been promoted to the rank of major.

A Camp-Fire Yarn. (Forest and Stream.) "The worst racket I ever had was a wild stag. He shook me up so I thought I'd never get over it."

"How was that?" "Well, it was a rousin' big buck. Jim W.'s got the horns now. See, he was Jim W.'s dog. I shot the dog with one bar! and him with the other. He was a rousin' big buck. I stepped over a log to look for him in the bushes he hit on so quick I couldn't see my gun. He knocked it out of my hand and then my rifle. I gave him a twist and dislocated his neck."

"That was a lucky twist?" "Well, he was a rousin' big buck. Jim W.'s got the horns now. See, he was Jim W.'s dog. I shot the dog with one bar! and him with the other. He was a rousin' big buck. I stepped over a log to look for him in the bushes he hit on so quick I couldn't see my gun. He knocked it out of my hand and then my rifle. I gave him a twist and dislocated his neck."

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